# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

" WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 5 — VOL. XXI. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1809. NO. 1047.


## MISTRUST;

OR,

## BLANCHE AND OSBRIGHT:

*A FEUDAL ROMANCE.*

*(In Continuation.)*

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Osbright in agony. His last lingering hope was now destroyed, and with all his anxiety to believe Gustavus innocent, he found himself unable to exclude the irresistible conviction of his guilt.

"Ave, it is but too certain!" resumed the Friar with a deep sigh; "one would willingly disbelieve the existence of such villainy, but I heard the assassin own it myself; and a hardened sinner he was! In spite of all my pious exhortations to repentance, not a word would he confess, though I begged him with tears in my eyes; for wicked as he was, it almost broke my heart to see the tortures which he endured, and all out of his own obstinacy, since the very moment that he made the desired confession, my lord ordered him to be taken from the rack, though it was then but to little purpose."

"The rack!" exclaimed Osbright, seizing the old man's hand with a convulsive grasp; "was it then only on the rack, that he made this confession?"

"No, truly; till Count Rudiger had recourse to torture, not a syllable would he utter, but assertions of his own and his master's innocence. Nay, even when he was actually on the rack, he persisted in his obstinate falsehood. He had already remained there so long, that he was scarcely unbound, before he breathed his last, poor sinful wretch! Heaven pardon him and take him to its mercy!"

Now then the heart of Osbright again beat freely. It is true, the death of his brother made that heart the abode of deep sorrow; but to banish from it the belief that Gustavus was the boy's assassin, was to relieve it from a burden of insupportable agony. That belief grew weaker with every question, which he put to brother Peter; he found, that while in possession of his strength and faculties the supposed culprit had most strenuously denied all knowledge of the crime; that the excess of torture alone had forced from him the declaration, that Gustavus of Orrenberg had any concern in it; that the name of Gustavus had been suggested by the prejudices of the suspicious and already exasperated father; and that the whole confession was comprised in the mere pronouncing that name, when the speaker was seduced into uttering it, by the certainty of immediate release from tortures the most excruciating. Osbright had been educated at a distance from his family, and his mind, therefore, had not imbibed the prejudices, which made the Count of Orrenberg be considered as an incarnate fiend throughout the domains of Frankheim. His liberal nature inclined him to wish all hearts to be as pure and as benevolent as his own; and his judgment was both too candid and too keen to mistake assertions for proofs, or to be deluded by the artful colouring, in which prejudice ever paints the actions of a detested object.

In defiance, therefore, of all his father's endeavours, he had resolved to suspend his opinion of Gustavus, even while his character was a matter of indifference to him: but now that the dearest of all interests made him wish to find him worthy, to have found him so deeply culpable would have wrung with excess of torture the most susceptible fibres of his heart.

On reflection, he found that his plans must be delayed till the innocence of Gustavus in this bloody business should be fully cleared to the satisfaction of Count Rudiger and of all Germany; and he silently vowed never to know rest, till he had proved that innocence, and ascertained, beyond the power of doubting, the real name of the monster, whose dagger had sent the blooming Joscelyn to an untimely grave.

But how was he to commence his inquiries? Brother Peter was so fully convinced of the guilt of Gustavus, that his answers to Osbright's questions only served to mislead his search, instead of furnishing the unravelling clue to this mystery of iniquity. The youth anxiously desired to talk over the business with some unprejudiced person; and for this purpose he resolved to depart immediately for the Castle of Sir Leonard of Kleeborn. This worthy Knight was, in spite of their alienation, considered equally as a friend by the two families of Frankheim and Orrenberg; Osbright had seen enough of his character, during his last visit at his father's, to feel for him the highest sentiments of esteem and reverence; and he resolved to lay his difficulties, his hopes, and his fears before this excellent man without disguise, and entreat his assistance in forwarding the one and removing the others.

The moon shone bright; in defiance of the Friar's entreaties, he resolved not to wait for morning, since grief and anxiety would have prevented sleep from visiting his couch.—However, being anxious to avoid the presence of Count Rudiger, till the first emotions of grief for the loss of his child, and of passion against the house of Orrenberg, should have subsided, he requested the monk to allow him to find hospitality within his cell on the succeeding night, when (as he said) his affairs would necessitate his being in the chapel's neighbourhood. His request being readily granted, he charged the old man to conceal his visit from every one; and then having enforced his charge, by a considerable present to be appropriated to the use of Brother Peter's patron Saint, Osbright vaulted upon his courser, whom fidelity had detained near the chapel, and whose frequent neighing had already announced his impatience at the absence of his lord.

### CHAP. III.

"Alas! the spring-times's pleasant hours returning
Serve but to waken me to sharper pain,
Recalling scenes of agony and mourning,
Of baffled hopes, and prayers preferred in vain!

Thus was the sun his vernal beams displaying,
Thus did the woods in early foilage wave,
While dire disease on all I lov'd was preying,
And flowers seemed rising, but to strew his grave!"

While the Castle of Frankheim resounded with cries of agony and threats of vengeance, the spirit of tranquil sorrow reigned on every brow and in every heart throughout the domains of Orrenberg. Seven months had elapsed since the death of the heir of those domains, the young and amiable Philip;—the wound was skinned over, but the pain was still felt; tears had ceased to trickle, but the heart had not yet ceased to bleed.

Gustavus stood at an oriel-window, and contemplated the fertile fields, which he hoped on his death-bed to have bequeathed to his darling. The lady Ulrica was employed at her tapestry frame; but her work was often suspended, while she cast a look of anxious tenderness on the lovely Blanche, (who was at work beside her,) and while she breathed a mental prayer, that Heaven in mercy to an almost broken heart, would preserve to her this, her loveliest, her dearest, her only remaining child.

The silence was interrupted by the entrance of an old female domestic, who came to inform Blanche, that she had at length found the canvass bag which had been so long missing, and which she now presented to her. Blanche hastily quitted the tapestry-frame, while her cheek alternately coloured with anger, and grew pale with apprehension.

"Oh! Rachel!" she exclaimed in a tone of reproach, "how thoughtless to bring it here! ah, see! my dear mother has recognized it but too surely, for her eyes are already filled with tears!" and she threw her arms affectionately round the waist of Ulrica, and entreated her pardon for being the occasion of suggesting such painful recollections.

"What is the matter?" demanded her father, advancing from the window; "what distresses you, Ulrica?" then glancing his eye on the canvass bag, which Blanche had suffered to fall upon the ground,—"Ah!" he continued, "I need no answer! those are the play-things of my poor dead boy!—What would you do with them, Blanche?"

"I meant to give them to the gardener's children; they were Philip's play-fellows and friends, and they have not forgotten yet how dearly he loved them. It was only yesterday that as I passed by St. Hildegrade's grotto, I met the poor children going to adorn Philip's grave with their choicest flowers; and their father tells me, that they mention him every night in their prayers, and never pass a day

without visiting his monument—and so I fancied, that by giving these play-things——But I wish that I had never thought at all about them, since the sight of them has distressed you so much, dear mother!—Nay now, pr'ythee, weep, no more!; you know my father says, that 'tis sinful to murmur at the dispensations of Providence; and that it gives him pain, whenever he sees our tears!'—

'And should not that reflection check your own, my Blanche!' inquired Gustavus; 'why are your cheeks so wet? Fie! fie, my child!'

*(To be Continued.)*

## ELEGANT AND MORAL.

We ought to console ourselves that however few of the other good things of life fall to our lot, the best of all things, which is innocence, is always within our own power; and though fortune may make us often unhappy, she can never make us completely and irreparably miserable without our own consent.

Innocence is more blind than guilt; because the former often overlooks and tumbles into the pit, which the latter perceives and avoids.

We often admire at the folly of the dupe, when we should transfer our whole surprise to the astonishing guilt of the betrayer.

Few men think better of others than of themselves, nor do they easily allow the existence of any virtue of which they perceive no trace in their own minds. It is extremely difficult to persuade a rogue you are an honest man.

No human condition should inspire men with absolute despair.

The courage, as well as cowardice of fools, proceeds from not knowing what is, or what is not, the proper object of fear.

We should never sin if our foresight were but as good as our sense: the issue of sin would appear a thousand times more horrible than the act is pleasant.

He that thinks because punishment is delayed, that God hath forgiven or forgot his offence, is unacquainted with justice, and knows not that time makes no difference in eternity.

TEMPERANCE is much commended by many writers; and by many shewn as a virtue, which any one might attain. A writer, as well as a speaker, has a right to make and dress up the figures of his imagination as he pleases. Hence it is, that temperance is spoken of as existing, and possessing every thing to make a man happy; when, in fact, nothing like temperance has ever been seen, and if I may judge from what I know, never will be. It is not necessary for the happiness of man, any more than the continued succession of serene weather is necessary for the fruits of the earth: and, if I may be allowed the expression, the passions are as necessary in the moral, as storms and tempests in the natural world, for the well being of both.

CONTENT.—This is also a word without meaning; and, I think there is not a man living, (except a lazy one, and I doubt much whether he is contented), but what is well convinced that content is not for man. Why should it be? It is only another name for indifference and insensibility: and who would wish for an indifferent neighbour, or an insensible friend?

## ON A TRANQUIL LIFE.

A calm and tranquil life renders the indulgence of sensual pleasures less dangerous. The theatre of sensuality exhibits scenes of waste and brutality, of noisy mirth and tumultuous riot; presents to observation pernicious goblets, overloaded tables, lascivious dancing, receptacles for disease, tombs with faded roses, and all the dismal human haunts of pain. But to him who retires with detestation from such gross delights, the joys of sense are of a more elevated kind—soft, sublime, pure, permanent, and tranquil.

## SONG.

*Translated from the Irish by the Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan.*

Thou dear seducer of my heart!
Fond cause of ev'ry struggling sigh!
No more can I conceal love's smart,
No more restrain the ardent eye.

What though this tongue did never move
To tell thee all its master's pain;
My eyes, my looks, have spoke my love:
My charmer! shall they speak in vain?

My fond imagination, warm,
Presents thee at the noon tide beam;
And sleep gives back thy angel form,
To clasp thee in the midnight dream.

Elvina! though no splendid store
I boast a venal heart to move;
Yet, charmer! I am far from poor,
For I am more than rich in love.

Pulse of my beating heart! shall all
My hopes of thee and peace be fled?
Unheeded wilt thou hear my fall?
Unheeded wilt thou see me dead?

I'll make a cradle of my breast,
Thy image all its child shall be;
My throbbing heart shall rock to rest
Those cares which waste thy life and me.

## THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

Oh, thou! the helpless orphan's hope,
To whom alone mine eyes look up
In each distressing day;
Father! (for that's the sweetest name
That e'er these lips were taught to frame)
Instruct this heart to pray.

Low in the dust my parents lie,
And no attentive ear is nigh
But thine, to mark my woe;
No hand to wipe away my tears,
No gentle voice to hush my fears,
Remains to me below.

To heaven my earthly friends are gone,
And thither are my comforts flown,
But I continue here;
Be thou my pattern—thou my guide;
This friendless heart from sorrow hide,
Reposing on thy care.

If I am spared throughout the span
That marks the narrow life of man,
And reach to hoary age,
Instruct me in thy holy will;
Teach me the duties to fulfil
Of each successive stage.

But if thy wisdom should decree
An early sepulchre for me,
Father! thy will be done;
On thy dear bosom I rely,
And if I live, or if I die,
Oh! leave me not alone.

## SONNET,

*Supposed to be written by the unhappy poet Dermody, in a Storm, while on board a Ship of War.*

Lo! o'er the welkin, the tempestuous clouds
Successive fly, and the loud-piping wind
Rocks the poor Sea-boy on the dripping shrouds,
While the pale Pilot o'er the helm reclined
Lists to the changeful storm: and as he plies
His wakeful task, he oft bethinks him, sad,
Of wife, and little home, and chubby lad,
And the half-strangled tear bedews his eyes;
I, on the deck, musing on themes forlorn,
View the drear tempest, and the yawning deep,
Nought dreading in the green sea's caves to sleep,
For not for me, shall wife, or children mourn,
And the wild winds will ring my funeral knell
Sweetly a solemn peal, of pious passing bell.

## ANECDOTES.

Dr Radcliffe was remarkable for a sudden thought in extraordinary cases. He was once sent for into the country to a gentleman who was dangerously ill of a quinsey, and the doctor soon perceived that no application, internal or external, would be of any service; upon which he desired the lady of the house to order her cook to make a large lady pudding, and when it was done, to let his own servant bring it up. While the cook was about it, he takes his man aside, and instructs him what he is to do. In a short time the man brings up the pudding in great order, and sets it on the table, in full view of the patient. 'Come, John,' said he, 'you love lady pudding, eat some along with me, for I believe you came out without your breakfast.' Both began with their spoons, but John's spoon going twice to his master's once, the doctor takes occasion to quarrel with him, and dabs a spoonful of hot pudding in his face. John resents it, and throws another at his master. This put the doctor in a passion, and, quitting his spoon, takes it up by handfuls, and throws it at his man; who battles him again in the same manner, till they were both in a most woful pickle. The patient, who had a full view of the skirmish, was so tickled at the fancy, that he burst into a laughter, which broke the quinsey, and cured him, for which the doctor and his man were well rewarded.

A Lady, who gave herself great airs of importance, on being introduced to a gentleman, for the first time, said, with much cool indifference, 'I think, Sir, I have seen you somewhere.' 'Very likely,' replied the gentleman, with equal sang froid, 'you may, ma'am, as I have been there very often.'

A Gentleman having appointed to meet his friend on particular business, went to his house and knocked at the door, which was opened by a servant girl.—He inquired her he wanted her master. He is gone out, Sir, says she. Then your mistress will do, said the gentleman. She, said the girl, is gone out too. My business is of consequence, returned he, is your mistress' son at home? No, Sir, returned the girl, he is gone out. That's unlucky indeed, replied he, but, perhaps, it may not be long before they return: I will step in and sit by your fire. Oh, Sir, said the girl, the fire is gone out too.

Doctor L—, the celebrated Irish patriot having, after a very sharp contest, carried the election as a representative in parliament for the city of Dublin, was met, a few days after, by a lady whose whole family were very warm in the interest of the unsuccessful candidate: 'Well, doctor, (said she), I find you have gained the election.' Yes madam. No wonder, Sir, ALL the blackguards voted for you. No, madam, your two sons did not, returned the doctor.

A person saying that he would not believe there was any devil, because he had never seen him, was answered by another, By the same rule, I should believe you to have neither wit nor sense.

## REASONS FOR DRINKING.

Three gentlemen being in a coffee-house, one called for a dram, because he was hot. Bring me another, says his companion, because I am cold. The third, who sat by and heard them, very quietly called out, Hare, boy, bring me a glass, because I like it.

## TRUE FELICITY.

A person once observing to an ancient Greek Philosopher, that it was a great happiness to *have* what we *desire*,—the sage replied, 'but is it not a much greater happiness to *desire nothing* but what we *have*?'

# The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 11, 1809.


The city inspector reports the death of 29 persons, (of whom 6 were men, 9 women, 11 boys and 3 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. of consumption 6, cancer 1, cold 2, convulsions 3, dropsy 1, drowsy in the head 1, hives 1, inflammation of the lungs 1, inflammation of the bowels 1, inflammation of the brain 2, mumps 1, pleurisy 1, rupture 1, worms 2, and 5 of the small-pox.

A duel was fought on Friday the 3d inst. near Louisville Ken. by Henry Clay and Humphrey Marshall, Esqrs. The first fire Mr. Clay's ball grazed the skin of his adversary's abdomen. On the second fire Mr. Clay's pistol snapped, Mr. Marshall missed both shots. On the third fire, Mr. Marshall's ball took effect in Mr. Clay's thigh—The wound is not considered dangerous—Mr Marshall fired first in every instance. The duel proceeded from some personal observations used by these gentlemen in debate on Mr. Clay's resolution to introduce domestic manufactures.

*Kentucky Gaz.*

## FOREIGN NEWS.

*Greenock, Dec. 21.*—Letters from Gibraltar of the date of the 23d Nov. state, that accounts had just reached that garrison of another revolution having taken place in the wretched government at Algiers. The particulars are not stated further than that it was effected by some of the soldiers of the Dey's army, who had returned from Tunis. They forced their way into the palace, and assassinated the Dey in his own apartment.

With the deepest regret we state, that in the Moniteur of the 14th Dec. is the 15th Bulletin of the French army in Spain, by which it appears that they entered Madrid on the 4th inst. We have not now time, or, indeed, inclination, to descant upon this intelligence, which is rendered the more afflicting, by the circumstances of their having been accounts received by government on Friday, that promised the most vigorous defence of the Spanish capital, and afforded hope of the continuance of Sir John Moore's and Sir David Baird's armies in Leon, to cooperate in the defence of the northern provinces of Spain. Madrid surrendered by capitulation, but the terms are not mentioned in the French papers. Thirteen thousand Spaniards, who defended the pass of Somasiera, were overpowered and dispersed on the 30th, with the loss of all their artillery and baggage.

The intelligence of the fall of Madrid is further strengthened by an American vessel which arrived at Plymouth on Thursday afternoon, from L'Orient, for which place she sailed on Monday se'ennight, and the Capt. states that before he came away he heard that Bonaparte, and his brother Joseph entered Madrid on the 2d inst. and he adds, that the expedition to Spain was extremely unpopular in France.

*From our correspondent at London.*

Notwithstanding the gloomy aspect of Spanish affairs, the generous spirit of British liberality suffers no abatement from these accounts.—The subscription towards clothing the Spanish Patriots is kept up briskly. This very day, his Grace the Duke of Queensbury subscribed to the fund, the generous donation of 5000l. which will no doubt prove a stimulus to other distinguished characters to follow his Grace's example.

Stocks have fallen this day about 3-8 per cent. in consequence of the Spanish news.

*N. Y. Gaz.*

News had been received at Trinidad of a combination among several of the officers and some other principal characters, to establish an independent government, in Caraccas (Spanish Maine) but the people arose, in the cause of Ferdinand VII. and seized the revolutionists, twenty four of whom had been beheaded. *Ibid.*

## ON SINCERITY.

Virtue is a theme highly interesting to all those whose minds are uncorrupted by the vices of the world, and whose hearts are unsullied by the impurities of modern regularity and politeness. It is a subject that is continually harped upon by the dissipated and gay, and which is ever emphatical in the mouths of the vulgar that never will be tried of its beauties, so long as the advantages of society are experienced in the world, or mankind are indulged with the exercise of their reason.

Among the numerous excellencies that constitute the truly virtuous character, sincerity is not the least conspicuous. As a diamond of peculiar brightness, it sparkles in the midst of goodly company, and gives to the rest a dazzling lustre. Sincerity, like the passion it inspires, is ever interesting, it steals insensible on the heart, and at once secures the affections. Why does the voice of innocence and truth ever sound agreeably in our ears? Why does the simple unvarnished tale of distress so easily command our pity and excite our compassion? Why does the hand of charity so readily obey the generous impulse, when called to the relief of unaffected misfortune? Methinks, no other reason can be given, than because Virtue, however meanly clothed, is always lovely. Oh, Sincerity! I hail thee as the first of virtues, as the parent of friendship, as the source of love. To thee are we indebted for our most rational enjoyments, and our truest pleasures; without thee, the world would become a desert, and mankind as uncultivated as the rudest savage.


WANTED IMMEDIATELY,
A middle aged WOMAN, to do the work of a small family, inquire at this office. Feb 25

BOOKS AND STATIONARY,
OF
EVERY DESCRIPTION,
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.
Bibles, Testaments, Monitors, Spelling-Books, Primers Gough's, Fenning's, Hamilton's, Walsh's, Walkinghame's, and Dilworth's Arithmetics: Walkett's, Sheridan's, Bayley's, Webster's, and Entick's Dictionaries. Writing and Letter Paper, Quills, Sealing Wax, Wafers, Ink Powder, Ink Stands, Pencils, Indian Rubber, Indian Ink, Blank Books, &c.

HUTCHINS IMPROVED ALMANACK,
For 1809:
*By the Groce, Dozen, or Single One.*
For Sale at this Office.


## COURT OF HYMEN.

Conjugal love invigorates the mind,
And to the wayward spirit whispers peace!
'Tis only here true happiness we find,
And taste of bliss which never knows decrease.

### MARRIED,

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Thomas Mumsey, merchant, of Albany, to Mrs. Sarah Pearce, daughter of Mr. Thomas Jenner, of this city

On the same day, by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. Garrit J. Blauvelt, to Miss Catharine Romer, both of this city

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Williston, Mr. David Roe, jun. to Mrs. Sarah Dobbs, of Connecticut.

On the same evening, by the Rev Dr. Miller, Mr. Asa Scudder, to Miss Catharine Slater.

On the same evening, by the Rev Mr. Townley, Mr. Thomas Wood, mariner, to Miss Polly Johnson, both of this city

On Monday evening last, by the Rev Mr. Williston, Mr. Lebbeus Chapman, of the house of Ely, Chapman, and Co. to Miss Catharine Rosett, all of this city.

At Brooklyn, on Wednesday last, by the Rev. Mr. Feltus, Mr. Peter Bymanck, to Miss Catharine Donovan, both of this city.

At Near Rockaway L. I. on Sunday evening last, Mr. Richard Hewlett, to Miss Phoebe Dorlon, daughter of Mr. Morris Dorlon all of that place

### MORTALITY.

Ye gay and thoughtless, rioting in health!
Ye fair, arrayed in beauty's rose-clad bloom!
Ye proud, ye vain, who boast of power or wealth,
Behold the end of all your pride—A TOMB.

### DIED,

On Sunday evening last, Mrs. Mary Gale, widow of the late Mr. Marius Gale.

On Tuesday evening, in the 37th year of his age, Capt. Thomas Liddle, regretted by all who knew him.

In the death of Capt. Liddle, his disconsolate widow has sustained an irreparable loss, and society bereft of a valuable member.

On Tuesday evening last, of a consumption, Mrs. Mary Codington, widow of the late John Codington deceased.

On Thursday last, Mrs. Abigail Wells, wife of Nathaniel Wells

At Herkimer, on the 1st inst after about 4 weeks illness, Gaylord Griswold, Esq in the 42d year of his age. He was justly esteemed for his social virtues, and in his death the village has lost one of its best friends, the town and county an active and useful citizen, and the bar one of its brightest ornaments.

At Hartford, on Sunday morning last, of the spotted fever, John Dodd, Esq. post master of that city.

At the same place of the same disease, John Dodd Junr. and Captain Josiah Dodd.

On the 19th ult. at Charleston, S. C. where she recently went for the benefit of her health, Mrs. Eliza Bowne, wife of Mr. Walter Bowne, of this city.


CHARLES SPENCER,
CONFECTIONER,
Informs his Friends and the Public, that he has removed to No. 118, Broadway, opposite the City-hotel, where he carries on his business in its various branches, and hopes, by strict attention, still to deserve public patronage. Families supplied with Plumb-cake iced and neatly ornamented—Tea-cakes of every description—Pyramids, Ice-cream, Blanch-monge, Jellies, &c.—Country Orders punctually attended to.
March 11. 1047—6m

S. DAWSON'S.
*WARRANTED DURABLE INK,*
FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
FOR SALE
by the quantity or single bottle, at No 3, Peck-Slip, and at the Proprietor's 48, Frankfort-street.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### *LET US ALL BE UNHAPPY TOGETHER.*

Oh, come! on some cold rainy day,
When the birds cannot show a dry feather,
Bring your sighs, and your tears Granny Gray,
Let us all be unhappy together.

Bring the heart piercing shoots from your corn,
Bring all the dull news you can gather,
Bring Dick Dismal, who looks so forlorn,
Let us all be unhappy together.

We'll talk about mildews and blights,
Occasioned by badness of weather,
About horrible dreams, and dull nights,
And we'll all be unhappy together.

And we'll talk of the ghost without head,
That kissed Mother Mump in the cellar,
That frightened the barber's boy dead,
And we'll all be unhappy together.

Let us fancy fresh duty on snuff,
Cats, lap-dogs, or monkeys so clever,
Let's suppose that there's taxes enough,
To make us unhappy together.

Let us talk of invasion and blood,
Of devils, black, blue, white and yellow,
Noah's ark, Noah's self, and the flood;
Let us all be unhappy together.

Let us mourn for the days that are past,
When our hearts were as light as a feather,
Let's suppose that this day is our last;
Let us all be unhappy together.

And I charge you my dear Granny Gray,
Should you meet Susan Sad, that you tell her,
The keg's burst and the gin's run away;
And we're all unhappy together.

J. B.

### *The Letter, not the Spirit of a Promise.*

THUS with kind words *Sir Edward* cheered his friend;
Dear *Dick!* thou on my friendship may'st depend;
I know thy fortune is but scant,
But, be assured I'll ne'er see *Dick* in want.
*Dick's* soon confined—his friend, no doubt would free him;
His word he kept—in want, he never would see him.

### GILES JOLT.

GILES JOLT, as sleeping in his cart he lay,
Some waggish pilferers stole his team away,
Giles wakes, and cries—What's here? Odsdickin! what!
Why, how now? Am I Giles, or am I not?
If he, I've lost six geldings to my smart,
If not—odsbuddikins, I've found a cart.

### *EPITAPH*

### ON A YOUNG LADY.

THIS humble grave tho' no proud structure grace,
Yet truth and goodness sanctify the place,
Yet blameless virtue, that adorned thy bloom,
Lamented maid! now weeps upon thy tomb:
Escaped from death, O safe on that calm shore,
Where sin, and pain, and passion are no more!
What never wealth could buy, nor power decree,
Regard and pity wait sincere on thee!
Lo! soft remembrance drops a pious tear,
And holy friendship sits a mourner here.


*TORTOISE SHELL COMBS*

FOR SALE BY

*N SMITH*—CHYMICAL PERFUMER

FROM LONDON,

*At the Sign of the Golden Rose,*

NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies ornamented Combs of the newest fashion—also Ladies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball far superor to any other for softening beautifying and preserving the skin from chopping, when an agreeable perfume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemens Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass

Odours of Rosea for smelling bottles

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roseasa well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples redness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s 4s 8s and 12s bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey 4s and 8s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted

Violet double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d

Smith's Saxoynette Royal Paste for washing the skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per pot, do paste

Smith's Cymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder for the teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural colour to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin

Smith's superfine Hair Powder. Alm ond powder for the skin, 8s per lb

Smith's Cassia or Antique Oil for curling, glossing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chymical principles to help the operation of shaving 3s and 1s 6d

Smith's celabrated Corn Plaister 3s per box

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worated and Cotton Garters, and Eau de Cologne

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold

*** The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissars, Totoise-shell, Ivory and Horn combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported Perfumery

8 Trunks Marseilles Pomatum

☞ Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

January 1, 1808

*Elegant accomplishment in the most beauteous display of the vegetable kingdom.*

MRS. MARTIN, Professor of Wax-work, No. 12, Broad-street, presents her most respectful services to the fair daughters of America, and informs them, that she teaches Wax-work, either in the taking of likenesses, or in imitating the various fruits of the earth, with their respective foilage, from the creeping strawberry to the lofty and delicious anana. She also instructs the making of Artificial Flowers, and various ornaments in Rock and other work—with the method of making Moulds, to cast at pleasure, in the most perfect shape, any thing that may be desired—She will also repair Wax-work.——Her terms for learning the above accomplishments are but Ten Dollars, a knowledge of which may be obtained in a few weeks, with only an attendance of two or three hours a day.

February 18, 1809. 1044—tf

CARDS, HANDBILLS &c.

*PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE*

ON MODERATE TERMS.

RAGS.

☞ Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS at this office.

FOR SALE,

*A FARM AND MILLS,*

in the County of Orange, State of New York, two miles from Cornwall Landing, and 60 miles from the City of New-York.—The Farm contains 120 acres, mostly good land, with sufficient meadow and wood, the best kinds of grafted fruit, apples, pears, peaches, plums, &c. a good dwelling-house, barn, and other out-houses, and a well by the door. The Mill is 40 by 50 feet, built of stone—it is a strong building with two run of Burr stones, and a good stream; and may be converted to carrying on any kind of manufacture.—The whole is to be sold cheap, and a good title will be given by the subscriber, on the premises.

CALEB SUTTON.

December 17, 1808. 1035—tf

*LESSONS ON THE PIANO-FORTE.*

FREDERICK W. DANNENBERG

Proposes to give Lessons on the Piano-Forte, at his residence, No. 60, Maiden-lane, on the following Terms.

1. To enable him to pay the utmost attention to the progress of his Pupils, he will engage with Only Twelve Scholars.
2. Six scholars to form a Class, and to be taught at a time.
3. Each class to receive their lessons twice a week, from 10 A M to 1 P. M.
4. Each class to consist of scholars of equal capacity, so as to render the instructions in their progress equally beneficial to all.
5. As soon as six scholars have offered, the Tuition to commence.
6. Terms $ 12 50 cents per quarter, for each scholar.

Mr. Dannenberg pledges himself, that his pupils shall have the strictest attention paid to their accomplishment in this branch of Polite Education.

N. B. He continues giving Private Lessons on the Piano-forte at his House, and attends Ladies at their Houses, if required

☞ For sale, a very fine toned GRAND PIANO-FORTE, of Messrs. Broadwood and Son London—selected by Mr Frederick Mausch.

December 10, 1808. 1034—tf

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete warranted tight, by C ALFORD

No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

LEWIS FORNIQUET

Respectfully informs his Friends and the Public in general, that he has removed to No. 156, Broadway, where he solicits a continuation of their custom, and flatters himself that the quality of his stock, and his attention to business, will meet with their approbation. He has lately received, by arrivals from Liverpool, a new and elegant assortment of London Pearl Jewellery, consisting of Necklaces, Ear-rings, and Pearl Ornaments for the Head, Pearl and Topaz pins, Bracelets and Rings

ON HAND,

A handsome assortment of Pearl, Diamond, and real Topaz Pins, Gold Watch-Chains and Seals, Plain and Cornelian Keys; Gold Ear rings, Breast-pins, Rings, Lockets, and Bracelets; Silver Tea sets; Table, Tea, and Desert Spoons: Soup Ladles and Fish Knives: Tortoise-shell, Dressing, and Fine Combs, Scissors, Penknives, Best Whitechapel Needles in quarters, and a great variety of other articles too numerous to mention.—He makes all sorts of Hair-work and Elastic Braids, in the Newest Fashion, and at the shortest Notice.

January 28. 1041—tf.

*A PEW FOR SALE.*

The Pew, No. 140, in Christ's Church, being the second from the wall, in the north-west corner of the Church.—For terms apply at No. 104, Maiden-lane.



NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISSON

NO. 3 *PECK-SLIP.*

*One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann.*

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE

without visiting his monument—and so I fancied, that by giving these play-things——But I wish that I had never thought at all about them, since the sight of them has distressed you so much, dear mother!—Nay now, pr'ythee, weep, no more! you know my father says, that 'tis sinful to murmur at the dispensations of Providence, and that it gives him pain, whenever he sees our tears!'—

'And should not that reflection check your own, my Blanche?' inquired Gustavus; 'why are your cheeks so wet? Fie! fie, my child!'

*(To be Continued.)*

## ELEGANT AND MORAL.

We ought to console ourselves, that however few of the other good things of life fall to our lot, the best of all things, which is innocence, is always within our own power; and though fortune may make us often unhappy, she can never make us completely and irreparably miserable without our own consent.

Innocence is more blind than guilt; because the former often overlooks and tumbles into the pit, which the latter perceives and avoids.

We often admire at the folly of the dupe, when we should transfer our whole surprise to the astonishing guilt of the betrayer.

Few men think better of others than of themselves, nor do they easily allow the existence of any virtue of which they perceive no trace in their own minds. It is extremely difficult to persuade a rogue you are an honest man.

No human condition should inspire men with absolute despair.

The courage, as well as cowardice of fools, proceeds from not knowing what is, or what is not, the proper object of fear.

We should never sin if our foresight were but as good as our sense: the issue of sin would appear a thousand times more horrible than the act is pleasant.

He that thinks because punishment is delayed, that God hath forgiven or forgot his offence, is unacquainted with justice, and knows not that time makes no difference in eternity.

TEMPERANCE is much commended by many writers; and by many shewn as a virtue, which any one might attain. A writer, as well as a speaker, has a right to make and dress up the figures of his imagination as he pleases. Hence it is, that temperance is spoken of as existing, and possessing every thing to make a man happy; when, in fact, nothing like temperance has ever been seen, and if I may judge from what I know, never will be. It is not necessary for the happiness of man, any more than the continued succession of serene weather is necessary for the fruits of the earth: and, if I may be allowed the expression, the passions are as necessary in the moral, as storms and tempests in the natural world, for the well being of both.

CONTENT—This is also a word without meaning; and, I think there is not a man living, (except a lazy one, and I doubt much whether he is contented), but what is well convinced that content is not for man. Why should it be? It is only another name for indifference and insensibility: and who would wish for an indifferent neighbour, or an insensible friend?

## ON A TRANQUIL LIFE.

A calm and tranquil life renders the indulgence of sensual pleasures less dangerous. The theatre of sensuality exhibits scenes of waste and brutality, of noisy mirth and tumultuous riot; presents to observation pernicious goblets, overloaded tables, lascivious dancing, receptacles for disease, tombs with faded roses, and all the dismal human haunts of pain. But to him who retires with detestation from such gross delights, the joys of sense are of a more elevated kind—soft, sublime, pure, permanent, and tranquil,

## SONG.

*Translated from the Irish by the Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan.*

THOU dear seducer of my heart!
Fond cause of ev'ry struggling sigh!
No more can I conceal love's smart,
No more restrain the ardent eye.

What though this tongue did never move
To tell thee all its master's pain;
My eyes, my looks, have spoke my love:
My charmer! shall they speak in vain?

My fond imagination, warm,
Presents thee at the noon tide beam;
And sleep gives back thy angel form,
To clasp thee in the midnight dream.

Elvina! though no splendid store
I boast a venal heart to move;
Yet, charmer! I am far from poor,
For I am more than rich in love.

Pulse of my beating heart! shall all
My hopes of thee and peace be fled?
Unheeded wilt thou hear my fall?
Unheeded wilt thou see me dead?

I'll make a cradle of my breast,
Thy image all its child shall be;
My throbbing heart shall rock to rest
Those cares which waste thy life and me.

## THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

OH, thou! the helpless orphan's hope,
To whom alone mine eyes look up
In each distressing day;
Father! (for that's the sweetest name
That e'er these lips were taught to frame)
Instruct this heart to pray.

Low in the dust my parents lie,
And no attentive ear is nigh
But thine, to mark my woe;
No hand to wipe away my tears,
No gentle voice to hush my fears,
Remains to me below.

To heaven my earthly friends are gone,
And thither are my comforts flown,
But I continue here;
Be thou my pattern—thou my guide;
This friendless heart from sorrow hide,
Reposing on thy care.

If I am spared throughout the span
That marks the narrow life of man,
And reach to hoary age,
Instruct me in thy holy will;
Teach me the duties to fulfil
Of each successive stage.

But if thy wisdom should decree
An early sepulchre for me,
Father! thy will be done;
On thy dear bosom I rely,
And if I live, or if I die,
Oh! leave me not alone.

## SONNET,

*Supposed to be written by the unhappy poet Dermody, in a Storm, while on board a Ship of War.*

Lo! o'er the welkin, the tempestuous clouds
Successive fly, and the loud-piping wind
Rocks the poor Sea-boy on the dripping shrouds,
While the pale Pilot o'er the helm reclined
Lists to the changeful storm: and as he plies
His wakeful task, he oft bethinks him, sad,
Of wife, and little home, and chubby lad,
And the half-strangled tear bedews his eyes;
I, on the deck, musing on themes forlorn,
View the drear tempest, and the yawning deep,
Nought dreading in the green sea's caves to sleep,
For not for me, shall wife, or children mourn,
And the wild winds will ring my funeral knell
Sweetly a solemn peal, of pious passing-bell.

## ANECDOTES.

Dr. Radcliffe was remarkable for a sudden thought in extraordinary cases. He was once sent for into the country to a gentleman who was dangerously ill of a quinsey, and the doctor soon perceived that no application, internal or external, would be of any service; upon which he desired the lady of the house to order her cook to make a large hasty pudding, and when it was done, to let his own servant bring it up. While the cook was about it, he takes his man aside, and instructs him what he is to do. In a short time the man brings up the pudding in great order, and sets it on the table, in full view of the patient. 'Come, John,' said he, 'you love hasty pudding, eat some along with me, for I believe you came out without your breakfast.' Both began with their spoons, but John's spoon going twice to his master's once, the doctor takes occasion to quarrel with him, and dabs a spoonful of hot pudding in his face. John resents it, and throws another at his master. This put the doctor in a passion, and, quitting his spoon, takes it up by handfuls, and throws it at his man; who battles him again in the same manner, till they were both in a most woful pickle. The patient, who had a full view of the skirmish, was so tickled at the fancy, that he burst into a laughter, which broke the quinsey, and cured him, for which the doctor and his man were well rewarded.

A Lady, who gave herself great airs of importance, on being introduced to a gentleman, for the first time, said, with much cool indifference, 'I think, Sir, I have seen you SOMEWHERE.' 'Very likely,' replied the gentleman, with equal sang froid, 'you may, ma'am, as I have been there very often.'

A Gentleman having appointed to meet his friend on particular business, went to his house and knocked at the door, which was opened by a servant girl;—He informed her he wanted her master. He is gone out, Sir, says she. Then your mistress will do, said the gentleman. She, said the girl, is gone out too. My business is of consequence, returned he, is your mistress' son at home? No, Sir, returned the girl, he is gone out. That's unlucky indeed, replied he, but, perhaps, it may not be long before they return: I will step in and sit by your fire. Oh, Sir, said the girl, the fire is GONE OUT TOO.

Docter L—, the celebrated Irish patriot, having, after a very sharp contest, carried the election as a representative in parliament for the city of Dublin, was met, a few days after, by a lady whose whole family were very warm in the interest of the unsuccessful candidates: 'Well, doctor, (said she), I find you have gained the election.' Yes madam, No wonder, Sir, ALL the blackguards voted for you. No, madam, your TWO sons did not, returned the doctor.

A person saying that he would not believe there was any devil, because he had never seen him, was answered by another, By the same rule, I should believe you to have neither WIT nor SENSE.

## REASONS FOR DRINKING.

Three gentlemen being in a coffee-house, one called for a dram, because he was hot. Bring me another, says his companion, because I am cold. The third, who sat by and heard them, very quietly called out, Here, boy, bring me a glass, because I like it.

## TRUE FELICITY.

A person once observing to an ancient Greek Philosopher, that it was a great happiness to *have* what we *desire*,—the sage replied, 'but is it not a much greater happiness to *desire nothing* but what we *have*?

# The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 11, 1809.


The city inspector reports the death of 29 persons, (of whom 6 were men, 9 women, 11 boys and 3 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of consumption 6. cancer 1, cold 2, convulsions 3, dropsy 1, dropsy in the head 1, hives 1, inflammation of the lungs 1, inflammation of the bowels 1, inflammation of the brain 2, mumps 1, pleurisy 1, rupture 1, worms 2, and 5 of the small-pox.

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A duel was fought on Friday the 3d inst. near Louisville Ken. by Henry Clay and Humphrey Marshall, Esqrs. The first fire Mr. Clay's ball grazed the skin of his adversary's abdomen. On the second fire Mr. Clay's pistol snapped, Mr. Marshall missed both shots. On the third fire, Mr. Marshall's ball took effect in Mr. Clay's thigh—The wound is not considered dangerous—Mr Marshall fired first in every instance. The duel proceeded from some personal observations used by those gentlemen in debate on Mr. Clay's resolution to introduce domestic manufactures.

*Kentucky Gaz.*

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## FOREIGN NEWS.

*Greenock, Dec.* 21.—Letters from Gibraltar of the date of the 23d Nov. state, that accounts had just reached that garrison of another Revolution having taken place in the wretched government at Algiers. The particulars are not stated further than that it was effected by some of the soldiers of the Dey's army, who had returned from Tunis. They forced their way into the palace, and assassinated the Dey in his own apartment.

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With the deepest regret we state, that in the Moniteur of the 14th Dec. is the 13th Bulletin of the French army in Spain, by which it appears that they entered Madrid on the 4th inst. We have not now time, or, indeed, inclination, to descant upon this intelligence, which is rendered the more afflicting, by the circumstances of their having been accounts received by government on Friday, that promised the most vigorous defence of the Spanish capital, and afforded hope of the continuance of Sir John Moore's and Sir David Baird's armies in Leon, to cooperate in the defence of the northern provinces of Spain. Madrid surrendered by capitulation, but the terms are not mentioned in the French papers. Thirteen thousand Spaniards, who defended the pass of Somasiera, were overpowered and dispersed on the 30th, with the loss of all their artillery and baggage.

The intelligence of the fall of Madrid is further strengthened by an American vessel which arrived at Plymouth on Thursday afternoon, from L'Orient, for which place she sailed on Monday se'ennight, and the Capt. states that before he came away he heard that Bonaparte, and his brother Joseph entered Madrid on the 2d inst, and he adds, that the expedition to Spain was extremely unpopular in France.

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*From our correspondent at London:*

Notwithstanding the gloomy aspect of Spanish affairs, the generous spirit of British liberality suffers no abatement from these accounts.—The subscription towards clothing the Spanish Patriots is kept up briskly. This very day, his Grace the Duke of Queensbury subscribed to the fund, the generous donation of 5000l. which will no doubt prove a stimulus to other distinguished characters to follow his Grace's example.

Stocks have fallen this day about 1-8 per cent. in consequence of the Spanish news.

*N. Y. Gaz.*

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News had been received at Trinidad of a combination among several of the officers and some other principal characters, to establish an independent government, in Caraccas (Spanish Maine) but the people arose, in the cause of Ferdinand VII. and seized the revolutionists, twenty four of whom had been beheaded. *Ibid.*

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## ON SINCERITY.

Virtue is a theme highly interesting to all those whose minds are uncorrupted by the vices of the world, and whose hearts are unsullied by the impurities of modern regularity and politeness. It is a subject that is continually harped upon by the dissipated and gay, and which is ever emphatical in the mouths of the vulgar that never will be rifled of its beauties, so long as the advantages of society are experienced in the world, or mankind are indulged with the excercise of their reason.

Among the numerous excellencies that constitute the truly virtuous characters, sincerity is not the least conspicuous. As a diamond of peculiar brightness, it sparkles in the midst of goodly compound, and gives to the rest a dazzling lustre. Sincerity, like the passion it inspires, is ever interesting, it steals insensible on the heart, and at once secures the affections. Why does the voice of innocence and truth ever sound agreeably in our ears? Why does the simple unvarnished tale of distress so easily command our pity and excite our compassion? Why does the hand of charity so readily obey the generous impulse, when called to the relief of unaffected misfortune? Methinks, no other reason can be given, than because Virtue, however meanly clothed, is always lovely. Oh, Sincerity! I hail thee as the first of virtues, as the parent of friendship, as the source of love. To thee are we indebted for our most rational enjoyments, and our truest pleasures; without thee, the world would become a desert, and mankind as uncultivated as the rudest savage.

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WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

A middle aged WOMAN, to do the work of a small family. Inquire at this office. Feb 25

BOOKS AND STATIONARY,

OF

EVERY DESCRIPTION,

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Bibles, Testaments, Monitors, Spelling-Books, Primers Gough's, Fenning's, Hamilton's, Walsh's, Walkinghame's, and Dilworth's Arithmetics; Walker's, Sheridan's, Baylie's, Webster's, and Entick's Dictionaries. Writing and Letter Paper, Quills, Sealing Wax, Wafers, Ink Powder, Ink Stands, Pencils, Indian Rubber, Indian Ink, Blank Books, &c.

HUTCHINS IMPROVED ALMANACK,

For 1809:

*By the Grose, Dozen, or Single One.*

For Sale at this Office.


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## COURT OF HYMEN.

Conjugal love invigorates the mind,
And to the wayward spirit whispers peace!
'Tis only here true happiness we find,
And taste of bliss which never knows decrease.

---

## MARRIED,

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Thomas Mounsey, merchant, of Albany, to Mrs. Sarah Pearce, daughter of Mr. Thomas Jenner, of this city

On the same day, by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. Garrit J. Blauvelt, to Miss Catharine Romer, both of this city

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Williston, Mr. David Hoe, Jun. to Mrs. Sarah Dobbs, of Connecticut.

On the same evening, by the Rev Dr. Miller, Mr. Asa Scudder, to Miss Catharine Slater.

On the same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. Thomas Wood, mariner, to Miss Polly Johnson, both of this city

On Monday evening last, by the Rev Mr. Williston, Mr. Lebbeus Chapman of the house of Ely, Chapman, and Co. to Miss Catharine Rosett, all of this city.

At Brooklyn, on Wednesday last, by the Rev. Mr. Feltus, Mr. Peter Byvanck, to Miss Catharine Donovan, both of this city.

At Near Rockaway, L. I. on Sunday evening last, Mr. Richard Hewlett, to Miss Phoebe Dorlon, daughter of Mr. Morris Dorlon all of that place

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## MORTALITY.

Ye gay and thoughtless, rioting in health!
Ye fair, arrayed in beauty's rose-clad bloom!
Ye proud, ye vain, who boast of power or wealth,
Behold the end of all your pride—A TOMB,

---

## DIED,

On Sunday evening last, Mrs. Mary Gale, widow of the late Mr. Marinus Gale.

On Tuesday evening, in the 37th year of his age, Capt. Thomas Liddle, regretted by all who knew him. In the death of Capt. Liddle, his disconsolate widow has sustained an irreparable loss, and society bereft of a valuable member.

On Tuesday evening last, of a consumption, Mrs. Mary Codington, widow of the late John Codington deceased.

On Thursday last, Mrs. Abigail Wells, wife of Nathaniel Wells

At Herkimer, on the 1st inst after about 4 weeks illness, Gaylord Griswold, Esq in the 42d year of his age. He was justly esteemed for his social virtues, and in his death the village has lost one of its best friends, the town and county an active and useful citizen, and the bar one of its brightest ornaments.

At Hartford, on Sunday morning last, of the spotted fever, John Dodd, Esq. post master of that city.

At the same place of the same disease, John Dodd Junr. and Captain Josiah Dodd.

On the 19th ult. at Charleston, S. C. where she recently went for the benefit of her health, Mrs. Eliza Bowne, wife of Mr. Walter Bowne, of this city.

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CHARLES SPENCER,

CONFECTIONER,

Informs his Friends and the Public, that he has removed to No. 118, Broadway, opposite the City-hotel, where he carries on his business in its various branches, and hopes, by strict attention, still to deserve public patronage. Families supplied with Plumb-cake iced and neatly ornamented—Tea-cakes of every description—Pyramids, Ice-cream, Blanch monge, Jellies, &c.—Country Orders punctually attended to.

March 11. 1047—6m

S. DAWSON'S,

*WARRANTED DURABLE INK,*

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,

FOR SALE

by the quantity or single bottle, at No 3, Peck-Slip, and at the Proprietor's 48, Frankfort-street;

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### *LET US ALL BE UNHAPPY TOGETHER.*

Oh, come! on some cold rainy day,
When the birds cannot show a dry feather,
Bring your sighs, and your tears Granny Gray,
Let us all be unhappy together.

Bring the heart piercing shoots from your corn,
Bring all the dull news you can gather,
Bring Dick Dismal, who looks so forlorn,
Let us all be unhappy together.

We'll talk about milddews and blights,
Occasioned by badness of weather,
About horrible dreams, and dull nights,
And we'd all be unhappy together.

And we'll talk of the ghost without head,
That kissed Mother Mump in the cellar,
That frightened the barber's boy dead,
And we'll all be unhappy together.

Let us fancy fresh duty on snuff,
Cats, lap-dogs, or monkeys so clever,
Let's suppose that there's taxes enough
To make us unhappy together.

Let us talk of invasion and blood,
Of devils, black, blue, white and yellow,
Noah's ark, Noah's self, and the flood;
Let us all be unhappy together.

Let us mourn for the days that are past,
When our hearts were as light as a feather,
Let's suppose that this day is our last;
Let us all be unhappy together.

And I charge you my dear Granny Gray,
Should you meet Susan Sad, that you tell her,
The keg's burst and the gin's run away;
And we're all unhappy together.

J. B.

### *The Letter, not the Spirit of a Promise.*

Thus with kind words *Sir Edward* cheered his friend;
*Dear Dick!* thou on my friendship may'st depend;
I know thy fortune is but scant,
But, be assured I'll ne'er see *Dick* in want.
*Dick's* soon confined—his friend, no doubt would free him;
His word he kept—in want, he never would see him.

### GILES JOLT.

Giles Jolt, as sleeping in his cart he lay,
Some waggish pilferers stole his team away,
Giles wakes, and cries—What's here? Odsdickin! what!
Why, how now? Am I Giles, or am I not?
If he, I 've lost six geldings to my smart,
If not—odsbuddikins, I 've found a cart.

### *EPITAPH*

### ON A YOUNG LADY.

This humble grave tho' no proud structure grace,
Yet truth and goodness sanctify the place,
Yet blameless virtue, that adorned thy bloom,
Lamented maid! now weeps upon thy tomb:
Escaped from death, O safe on that calm shore,
Where sin, and pain, and passion are no more!
What never wealth could buy, nor power decree,
Regard and pity wait sincere on thee!
Lo! soft remembrance drops a pious tear,
And holy friendship sits a mourner here.


### *TORTOISE SHELL COMBS*

FOR SALE BY
*N SMITH*—CHYMICAL PERFUMER
FROM LONDON,
*At the Sign of the Golden Rose,*
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies ornamented Combs of the newest fashion—also Ladies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymicl Cosmetic Wash Ball far superor to any other for softening beautifying and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemens Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Rosesse well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples redness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving with printed directions, 3s 4s 8s and 12s bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey 4s and 8s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted

Violet double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d

Smith's Savoynette Royal Paste for washing the skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per pot, do paste

Smith's Cymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder for the teeth and gums, warraated—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural colour to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin

Smith's superfine Hair-Powder. Almond powder for the skin, 8s per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, glossing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chymical principles to help the operation of shaving 3s and 1s 6d

Smith's celabrated Corn Plaister 3s per box

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton Garters, and Eau de Cologne

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold

*** The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissars, Totoise-shell, Ivory and Horn combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

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FOR SALE.
*A FARM AND MILLS*

in the County of Orange, State of New-York, two miles from Cornwall Landing, and 60 miles from the City of New-York.—The Farm contains 120 acres, mostly good land, with sufficient meadow and wood; the best kinds of grafted fruit, apples, pears, peaches, plumbs, &c. a good dwelling-house, barn, and other out-houses, and a well by the door. The Mill is 40 by 50 feet, built of stone. It is a strong building, with two run of Burr stones, and a good stream; and may be converted to carrying on any kind of manufacture.—The whole is to be sold cheap, and a good title will be given by the subscriber, on the premises.

CALEB SUTTON.

December 17, 1808. 1035—tf

*LESSONS ON THE PIANO-FORTE.*

FREDERICK W. DANNENBERG

Proposes to give Lessons on the Piano-Forte, at his residence, No. 60, Maiden-lane, on the following Terms.

1. To enable him to pay the utmost attention to the progress of his Pupils, he will engage with Only Twelve Scholars.
2. Six scholars to form a Class, and to be taught at a time.
3. Each class to receive their lessons twice a week, from 10 A M to 1 P M.
4. Each class to consist of scholars of equal capacity, so as to render the instructions in their progress equally beneficial to all.
5. As soon as six scholars have offered, the Tuition to commence.
6. Terms $ 12 50 cents per quarter, for each scholar.

Mr. Dannenberg pledges himself, that his pupils shall have the strictest attention paid to their accomplishment in this branch of Polite Education.

N. B. He continues giving Private Lessons on the Piano-forte at his House, and attends Ladies at their Houses, if required

☞ For sale, a very fine toned GRAND PIANO-FORTE, of Messrs. Broadwood and Son London—selected by Mr Frederick Rausch.

December 10, 1808. 1034—tf

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete warrantted tight, by C ALFORD

No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

LEWIS FORNIQUET

Respectfully informs his Friends and the Public in general, that he has removed to No. 156 Broadway, where he solicits a continuation of their custom, and flatters himself that the quality of his stock, and his attention to business, will meet with their approbation. He has lately received, by arrivals from Liverpool, a new and elegant assortment of London Pearl Jewellery, consisting of Necklaces, Ear-rings, and Pearl Ornaments for the Head, Pearl and Topaz pins, Bracelets and Rings

ON HAND,

A handsome assortment of Pearl, Diamond, and real Topaz Pins, Gold Watch-Chains and Seals, Plain and Cornelian Keys; Gold Ear rings, Breast-pins, Rings, Lockets, and Bracelets; Silver Tea sets; Table, Tea, and Desert Spoons: Soup Ladles and Fish Knives: Tortoise-shell, Dressing, and Fine Combs, Scissors, Penknives, Best Whitechapel Needles in quarters, and a great variety of other articles too numerous to mention.—He makes all sorts of Hair-work and Elastic Braids, in the Newest Fashion, and at the shortest Notice.

January 28. 1041—tf.

*A PEW FOR SALE*

The Pew, No. 140, in Christ's Church, being the second from the wall, in the north-west corner of the Church —For terms apply at No. 104, Maiden-lane,



NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISSON

NO. 3 *PECK-SLIP.*

*One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann.*

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE